

A Walk in the Rain with a Brain

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One wet day in May
When I went out to play,
I heard near the ground
A swishing-like sound.
What I thought just was rain,
Was, of all things, a brain!
It looked like a lump of gray smoke.
But then it surprised me. . . and spoke!

"Hello, little girl, I'm a brain,
Lost, here in the rain,
Which is not where a brain ought to be.
I've just lost my head,"
He went on with great dread.
"And I must find a guide to get home."
I didn't know quite what to say.
How strange was this day!
I'd never been guide to a brain in the rain;
I did hope that he would explain.

I said to the brain, as we spoke near a drain,
"So you are what sits in my head?"
"Well, not me," said the brain,
"Because I'm here in the rain.
You have your own brain instead.
Your brain looks like me,
It just thinks differently.
Each brain has its own way, you see."

The brain's wrinkles then rose
As it asked, "Might I impose,
Ah, do you suppose,
As it's cold here outside,
Could you be my guide?"
"In that I'd take pride," I replied,
"If you'll show me the way."
The brain nodded, okay.
"But before we must part," I asked from my heart,
Could you please. . . please make me smart?"

"Oh, little girl,
With one curl,"
Said the brain with a start,
"You're already smart!"

"But, but how can that be?"
I asked, honestly,
If, try as I might,
"I never get everything right?"

"Don't say 'But, but!'
You're smart. You just need to find out at what!
I'll explain. Listen up!"

"A long time ago, when brains first were made,
All brains knew the truth, as it was.
No brain was the same,
No brain was the best,
Each brain had its own special way.
Above all, brains liked to play.

But then, one brain said, 'Wait!
It is time to create
A word for what's best,
So some brains can rule all the rest.
Let's make up a test!'

When the young brains objected,
This one brain infected
The others with a word
They should have rejected.
'Smart! That's what is best in a brain!
Now let me explain:
If you act like me,
Then smart you will be. . . .
But if you do not,
You are dumb as a mop,
And only can wipe up the floor.'

The brains were confused.
Smart was a word that they'd never used.
But the bold brain persisted,
'You cannot resist it!
The future insists it!
Smart is the right way to be.
If you'd like to be

Extraordinary, then imitate me,
I have the key!
So it was decided,
Completely one-sided,
What smart was, and what smart was not.

For years, all agreed.
Till one day
A brave brain declared
'This is all wrong!
We all must be freed
From trying to be someone we're not.
No brain is the best!
We each have our own special ways.
Some can grow roses,
While others draw noses,
But no brain does everything well.

Other brains said, 'Now stop!
'We all know that smart is on top!'

'But what does smart mean?' the brave brain inquired.
'It really means less than you think.
What matters is finding your strengths.
Some brains can sing, some skate a ring,
While others find spelling a cinch.
Some brains love math, others giraffes,
But no brains love all that there is.
Some brains read fast, while others can last
Forever when singing one note.
But no brain does everything well.'

'So smart doesn't matter?'
Gasped one brain, wide-eyed,
Who usually just tried to hide.
The brave brain replied,
'From now on, take pride!
We're all smart inside.
We just need to find out at what.
What we each need to do
As we grow me and you
Is find something we like to do well.

Please, forget about smart.
It's a word that can start
You to thinking you're

Less than you are.

Instead find something you like,
Like riding a bike,
Or bowling a strike,
And have fun with your brain every day.
Brains do their best when they play.
Or learn something new.
That's what we brains love to do."

The brain in the rain then looked right at me,
And said, "That's the key,
Little girl, with one curl.
Do you now get the point?"

"I believe that I do,"
I replied with a smile. "And I think
We have found your lost home."
"I believe that you're right,"
The brain said with delight. And the sight
Of his climbing back into his head
Was the last that I saw of that brain.

But he said just once more,
As he dipped out of sight,
"No brain is the same,
No brain is the best,
Each brain has its own special way."